

EUTERPE

A Collection of Madrigals and other
Vocal Music of the XVIth and
XVIIth Centuries

Vol. IV

Rosseter and Campion
Eight Songs for Solo Voice and Lute

Edited by

Ch: Kennedy Scott

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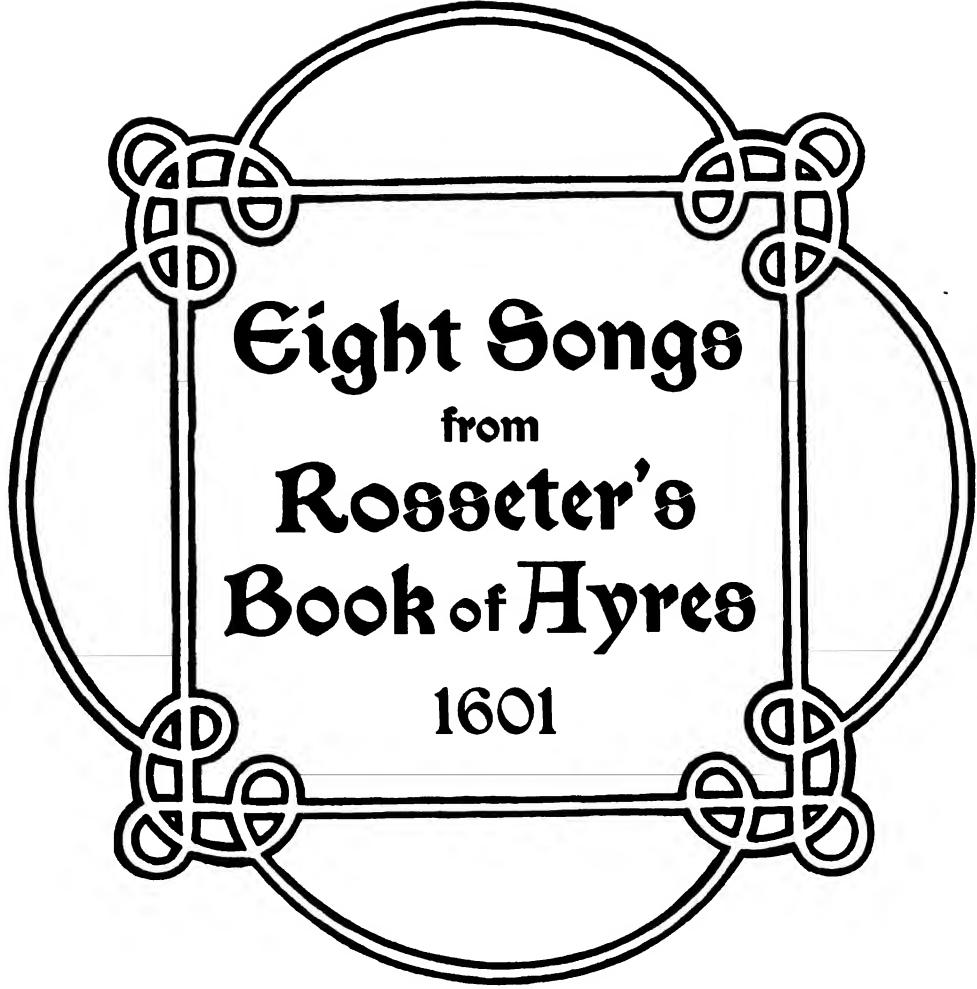
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Eight Songs
from
**Rosseter's
Book of Ayres**

1601

'A' side

A-rect 'To the right veterans and worthy knight, Sir Thomas
Brookner' Philip Rossetti

verso 'To the Reader'

B- M in black

g. 1. recto xx. When thou must have
verso xx. come let me down with me body

g. 2. recto A Table of the rest of the Songs con-
tained in this Book, made by
Philip Rossetti

[1 - xx]

g. 2. verso I. Savote come again, you happy right
must denied

MS. A. 7. 3. 11. 702

Toll with a blowe wood out of parton, and I B. 15
box of arms within border of typographical ornaments on verso

EIGHT SONGS

from

A Booke of Ayres, set foorth to be song to the Lute, Orpherian, and Base Violl, by Philip Rosseter, Lutenist: and are to be sold at his house in Fleetstreete, neere to the Grayhound. Folio. At London, printed by Peter Short by the assent of Thomas Morley, 1601.

HERE are 42 songs in the above Collection which is divided into two parts. Twenty one of the songs are by Thomas Campion; the rest are by Rosseter. The poetry throughout is by Campion. The address to the reader, which follows the dedicatory epistle to Sir Thomas Monson, is unsigned but was probably written by Campion.

“What Epigrams are in Poetrie”, it begins, “the same are Ayres in Musicke, then in their chiefe perfection when they are short and well-seasoned. But to clogg a light song with a long Praeludium, is to corrupt the nature of it. Manie rests in Musicke were invented either for the necessitie of the fuge or granted as a harmonicall licence in songs of manie parts: but in Ayres I find no use they have, unlesse it be to make a vulgar, and triviall modulation seeme to the ignorant strange, and to the judicall tedious. You shall find here only one song in Saphicke verse, the rest are after the fascion of the time, eare-pleasing rimes without Arte. The subject of them is for the most part amorous, and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new Ayres as well as new fascions? For the note and the Tableture, if they satisfie the most, we have our desire, let expert masters please themselves with better”

This extract sufficiently indicates the revolutionary spirit which had come over music about the time that these Ayres were written. Thomas Morley the year before (1600) had published his “First booke of Aires, or little short Songs to sing and play to the Lute with the Base-Viol”. Rosseter’s publication was the second of the kind. No solo song, properly so called, had appeared before Morley’s “First booke of Aires”. Compositions for solo voice had been written before this, it is true, but they were nothing more or less than Madrigals, or Motets, in which one part was sung and the rest of the parts played on instruments, e.g. Byrd’s Carol “From Virgin’s womb” no 35 of Songs of Sundrie Natures (1589) which may be seen in Mr. Arkwright’s edition of Old English Music (Joseph Williams). A sense of fitness soon led composers to discard the polyphonic

EIGHT SONGS

style when dealing with a solo voice and, in the end, the new style that they adopted drove out the polyphonic style altogether.

Considered as first-fruits these Ayres of Campion & Rosseter are remarkable for the definite way in which they express the new idea of solo song. They are not merely attempts; they are perfect little products. Their form is concise and exceedingly well-balanced. The words and notes are "coupled lovingly together" (to quote from another address of Campion). The melody is characteristic and expressive of the lyric; and the essential feature of solo song, viz. the subordination of the accompaniment to the vocal melody is well-observed. The Ayres in the collection are by no means equally successful but, at any rate, those selected here, not forgetting the beautiful "Shall I come if I swim", reprinted by Miss Janet Dodge, are well worth singing at the present day, not merely because of their historical interest but because they are beautiful as music and entirely satisfactory as songs.

It has not been thought necessary to print the original Lute and Bass-Viol part, since these parts are to be found almost textually in the Pianoforte arrangement. With the exception of the few bars of introduction before each Song the original accompaniment has scarcely been touched. Here and there a note has been added to a chord in which the third was omitted, and in one or two places an octave, instead of a single note, has been put in the bass; but nothing essential has been left out, or any essentially fresh matter introduced save in the introductions. Indeed there is no reason to alter these accompaniments; they are quite satisfactory and artistic as they stand in the original, even for use on the modern piano.

Philip Rosseter, "Musitioner", as he is referred to in the registers of St. Dunstan's in the West (in connection with the baptism of his son Dudley) was Master of the children of the Queen's Revels, by patent dated Jan. 4, 1609—10, and under that authority, manager of the playhouse in Whitefriars. The above "Booke of Ayres" was his only publication of the sort.

Thomas Campion, a physician by profession, takes rank as one the finest of our lyric poets and, like Ford, his brother dramatist, was both poet and musician. Besides his share in the Rosseter Book his musical publications include: Songs in the Maske performed in honour of the Lord Hayes and his Bride, 1607; Two Bookes of Ayres, undated, but probably 1613; The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres, probably 1617. Campion died in 1620.

C. K. S.



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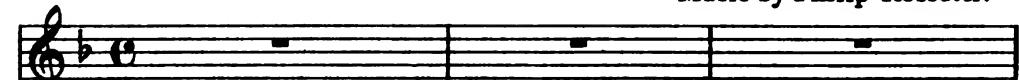
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And would you see my Mistris' face.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.



Piano.



And would you see my Mis . tris' face?

It is a flow 'ry gar . den place Where knots of beau . ties

have such grace, That all is work and no . where space.

And would you see my Mistris' face?
It is a flow'ry garden place
Where knots of beauties have such grace,
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn
Where day is breeding never born;
It is a meadow yet unshorne
Whom thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex;
It is the Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles,
Where death and love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth;
It is the fam'd Elizium's truth;
The spring that winter'd hearts renew'th:
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

N.B. The Introductions to these Songs should only be used for the first verse
of the lyric.

If I urge my kind desires.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.



Piano.



urge my kind de . sires, She un . kind, doth them re . ject, Wo . men's



hearts are pain . ted fires, To de . ceive them that af . fect. I a .



lone, love's fires in . clude: She, a . lone, doth them de . lude.



If I urge my kind desires,
She unkind, doth them reject.
Women's hearts are painted fires,
To deceive them that affect.
I alone, loves fires include:
She, alone, doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love:
But, alas, no fruit I find.
That her fires are false I prove,
Yet in her no fault I find:
I was thus unhappy born,
And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet, if human care or pain
May the heavenly order change,
She will hate her own disdain,
And repent she was so strange:
For a truer heart than I,
Never lived, nor loved, to die.

When Laura smiles.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

When Lau . ra smiles — her sight re - vives — both night and day;
The earth and heaven — views with de - light — her wan - ton play;

And her speech with e - ver - flow - ing mu - sic doth re -

pair The cru - el wounds of sor - row and un - tam'd des - pair.

When Laura smiles, her sight revives both night and day;
The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton play;
And her speech with overflowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untam'd despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air,
Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair,
And the birds think sweet Aurora, morning's Queen doth shine
From her bright sphere, when Laura shews her looks divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorn'd with greater power
Than Laura's, when she lifts awhile for sport to lour;
But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear
The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

Love hath no fire but what he steals from her bright eyes,
Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lies:
For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,
And fills with heav'nly spirits my humble muse.

If I hope I pine.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

If I hope I pine, if I fear I faint and die, So between
 hope and fear I desp'rate lie, Look ing for joy to heav'n whence it should
 come; But hope is blind, joy deaf, and I am dumb.

If I hope I pine, if I fear I faint and die:
So between hope and fear I desp'rate lie,
Looking for joy to heav'n whence it should come;
But hope is blind, joy deaf, and I am dumb.

Yet I speak and cry, but, alas, with words of woe:
And joy conceives not them that murmur so;
He, that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

If she forsake me.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

1.

If she for - sake me I must die, Shall I tell her so?
A - las, then straight will she re - ply, "No, no, no, no,

2.

no!" If I dis - close my des - prate state, She will but make

sport there - at, And more un - re - lent - ing grow.

If she forsake me I must die:
Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then straight will she reply:
"No, no, no, no, no!"
If I disclose my desp'rate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long such pains abide?
Fie upon this love!
I would adventure far and wide
If it would remove;
But love will still my steps pursue
I cannot his ways eschew:
Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
But, alas, in vain;
The costly gifts that I do send,
She returns again:
Thus still is my despair procur'd,
And her malice more assur'd:
Then come, death, and end my pain!

What then is love but mourning.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

What then is love but

mourn - ing? What de_sire but a self - burn - ing?

Till she that hates doth love re - turn: Thus will I mourn,

thus will I sing: Come a_away, come a_away my dar - ling!

What then is love but mourning?
What desire but a self-burning?
Till she that hates doth love return:
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while which none can stay:
Then come away while thus I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!

Summer in winter fadeth,
Gloomy night heav'ly light shadeth;
Like to the morn are Venus' flowers,
Such are her hours: then will I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!

I care not for these Ladies.

Words and Music by
Thomas Campion.

Voice.

Piano.

I care not for these La - dies That must be wood and pray'd;
Give me kind A - ma - ril - lis The wan - ton coun - try maid:

Na - ture art dis - dain - eth, Her beau - ty is her own; Her when we court and kiss, She
cries for sooth'let go!' But when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say "no!"

I care not for these Ladies
That must be wood and pray'd;
Give me kind Amarillis
The wanton country maid:
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own;
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"

If I love Amarillis
She gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these Ladies
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love;
Give me the nutbrown lass
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"

These Ladies must have pillows
And beds by strangers wrought:
Give me a bower of willows
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis
With milk and honey fed
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"

Follow your Saint.

Words and Music by
Thomas Campion.

Voice.

Piano.

Fol - low your saint, fol - low with ac - cents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her fly - ing feet!

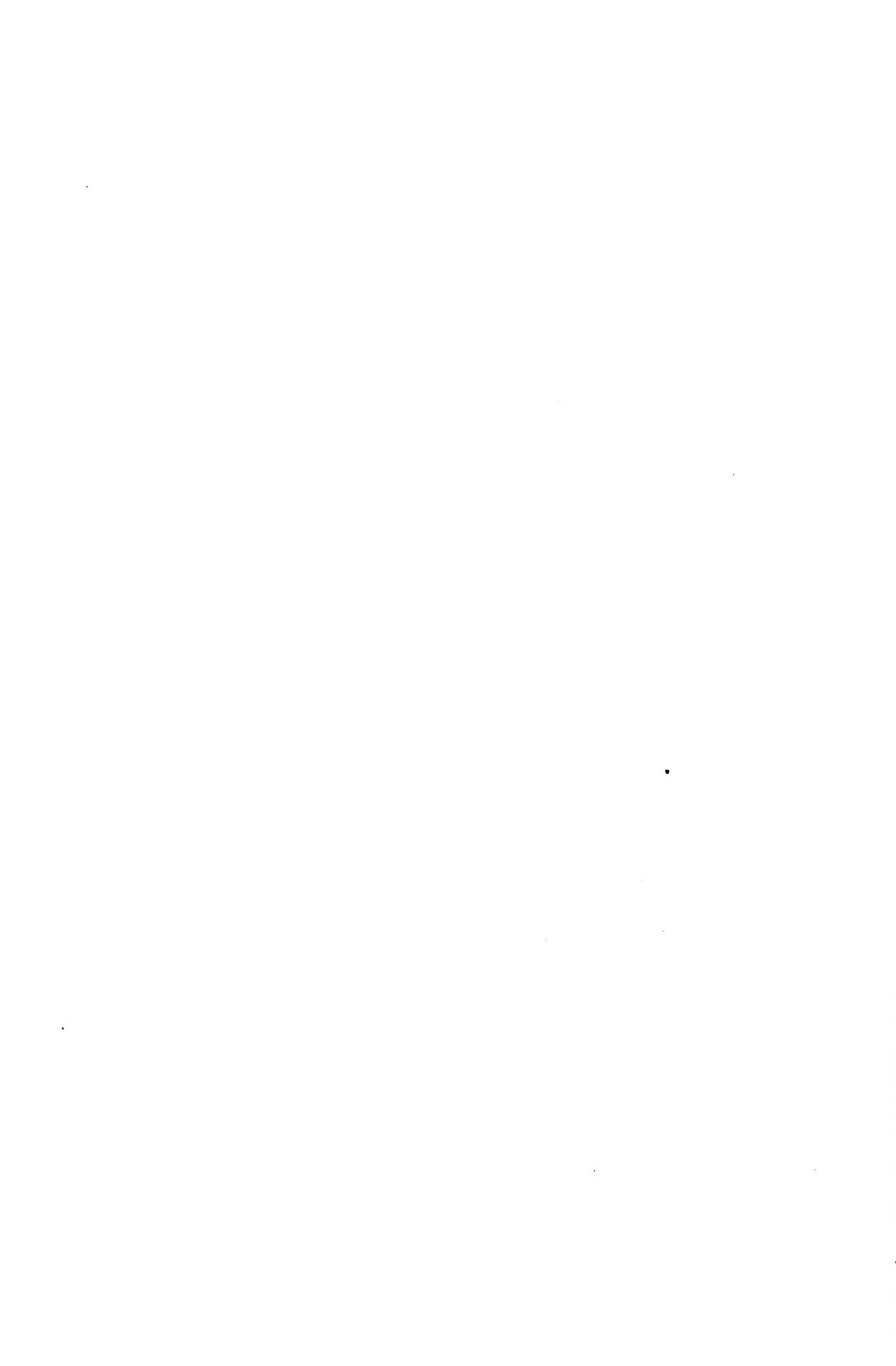
There, wrapped in cloud of sor - row pi - ty move, And tell the
But, if she scorns my ne - ver - ceas - ing pain, Then burst with

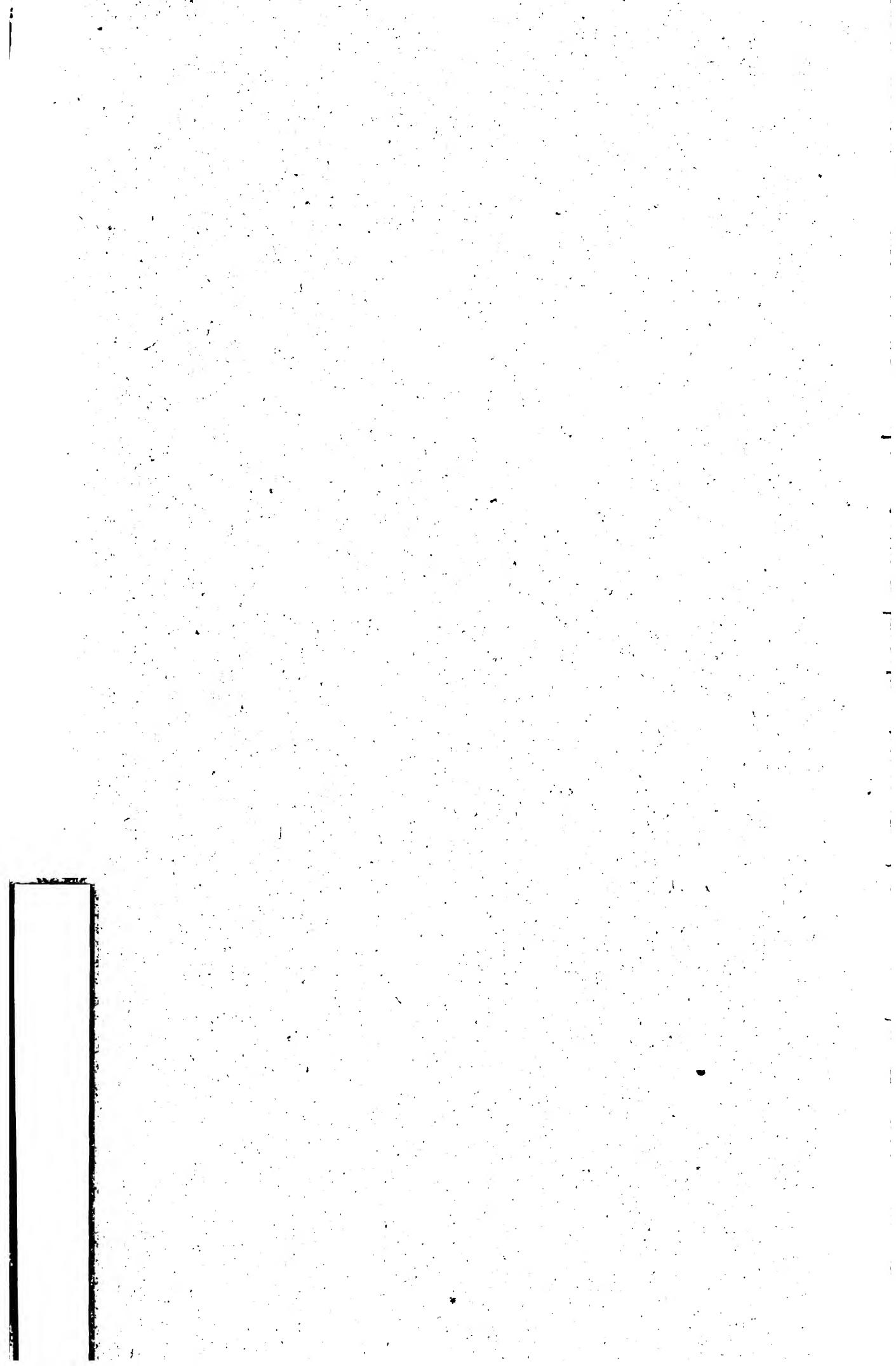
ra - vish - er of my soul I pe - rish for her love:
sigh - ing in her sight and ne'er re - turn a - gain.

Follow your saint, / follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, / fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, / pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul, / I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain, •
Then burst with sighing in her sight, / and ne'er return again.

All that I sang, / still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed, / and died for her delight.







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